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# IN MEMORIAM:

## Edward Lewis Baker.

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Born June 3, 1829...

Died July 8, 1897...

• • • • •

He is not dead, thy heart's beloved, but sleepeth,  
Behold, "He giveth his beloved sleep."  
Oh ! aching hearts, be still, the father knoweth  
All thine anguish ; hush thee, do not weep !

He is not dead, could ye have known the glory  
That on his raptured vision gleamed that day,  
Oh ! hearts ! ye would look up, no more lamenting  
Nor rain your kisses on unanswered clay.

He is not dead ! for death is only seeming  
Since He, the sinless one, for sinners died ;  
'Tis but a step beyond to life perfected,  
Where shall the heart's desire be satisfied.

He is not dead ; Oh ! strong, sweet soul that trusted  
With faith so simple, childlike, on his word,  
Thy spirit hath returned to the Eternal ;  
Thine eyes behold the glory of the Lord.

He is not dead ; he wakes to fairer being,  
The arc is rounded to a perfect whole ;  
Beyond the gates, oh ! bliss beyond all dreaming !  
Hope's full fruition dawneth on his soul.

Grace F. Slocum.



## Biographical Sketch.

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EDWARD LEWIS BAKER, the second son of David Jewett and Sarah Fairchild Baker, was born at Kaskaskia, Illinois, June 3, 1829. His father was a native of Connecticut, but after completing his course of study at Hamilton College, he married and moved to the then comparatively unknown territory of Illinois. He at once became prominent among the early settlers and achieved distinction as lawyer, judge, and later, when Illinois became a state, as United States Senator.

At an early age Edward was sent to Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Illinois, joining the freshman class in 1843. He graduated with high honors in 1847, and entered his father's law office in Alton, to which place the family had removed during his course of study at Shurtleff. He subsequently attended the College of Law, Harvard University, and after taking his degree was admitted to the bar in Illinois. He

did not follow the law as a profession, however, preferring to enter the field of journalism. Accordingly, after completing the course at Harvard, he returned to Alton and became identified with the *Telegraph*. After successfully editing that paper for several years, he moved to Springfield and purchased an interest in the *Illinois State Journal*. This paper, under his editorship, became a power in the state and was prominent in its championship of the anti-slavery sentiment of the time, in the organization of the Republican party and in the political campaigns of 1860, 1864 and 1868.

During the years of his residence in Springfield, Mr. Baker was always fully in touch with the educational progress of the city and was a prominent member of the Board of Education for several terms. At the time Senator Sumner's Civil Rights Bill was pending in Congress, when race prejudice was so bitter, Mr. Baker was a warm partisan of the negro, and it was largely to his efforts in the Board of Education that colored children were first admitted to the Springfield schools.

In 1869, as a recognition of his valuable editorial work for the party before, during and after the war,

President Grant appointed Mr. Baker Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Eighth District of Illinois, which position he held until 1873 when the office was abolished by act of Congress. Immediately upon his retirement from this office, the President tendered him the appointment of United States Consul at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. Mr. Baker decided that the voyage to that port and a sojourn abroad would be an agreeable change after his many years of unremitting labor as an editor and politician, and he accordingly accepted the appointment, leaving Springfield in company with his family for his new post of duty on March 17, 1874.

At the time of departure from Springfield, the employés of the State Journal Company presented Mr. Baker with a beautiful and artistic gold medal as a token of their esteem and affection. He always prized this very highly and wore it on all diplomatic and state occasions of ceremony.

Mr. Baker's career as consul was most brilliant and successful. He was quick to accommodate himself to his change of occupation and gave immediate evidence of his complete adaptability for his new duties. He made an exhaustive study of the economic, political

and social conditions existing in the Argentine Republic and went to unusual pains to present his facts and statistics to the Department of State at Washington in a series of admirable reports, which were most valuable to the government and which have never been equalled for the amount of interesting information contained, by those of any other officer of the consular service. Mr. Baker's services as consul were so appreciated at Washington that there was no thought of ever removing him from office. Although an ardent republican, he was one of the few office holders who was retained under the two administrations of President Cleveland. At the time of his death Mr. Baker had held his office longer than any other consul in the corps and had served under eight administrations.

Mr. Baker was beloved by all who knew him. His nature was kind, genial and sympathetic, and his charming personal characteristics attracted all with whom he was brought in contact. He was devoted and tender as a husband and father, and warm hearted and true as a friend. He was full of good humor and kindness and, in the words of his classmate and friend, the Rev. Dr. Bulkley, "was never

known to utter a harsh or unkind word." He always had a smile and pleasant word for every one, and his soul was filled with that charity "which thinketh no evil."

Mr. Baker's talents were many and diversified. He excelled as a sparkling and brilliant speaker and made memorable many a dinner and social gathering by his happy impromptu remarks. His repartee was quick and full of wit but never sarcastic or ill-natured, and his fund of anecdotes inexhaustible. As a host he was inimitable. He loved to fill his home with bright and happy faces and had always that magnetic charm which made each one brought into his presence appreciate his true and sincere cordiality.

He was an ardent lover of nature and rejoiced in the pleasures and pastimes of rural surroundings. Whenever he could for a time lay aside the cares of his professional or official duties, it was his delight to leave the busy haunts of men and, in company with a few congenial spirits, and with gun and rod, go to the country, where he would while away many a pleasant hour. He was an enthusiastic sportsman and a worthy disciple of Isaak Walton.

During his leisure hours, Mr. Baker often expressed his thoughts in verse, but was always too modest and unassuming to pose as a poet, or to permit his poetical fancies to appear in print. Numerous little gems, however, are in the possession of his family and are treasured by them as expressing not only his deep love and tenderness for them, but for the world, and as showing the true depths of his earnest and fervent religious feeling—a religion of deeds, not words—a life patterned on that of the Savior's, which spent itself in kind acts and generous deeds, and thought more of the heart and soul of his fellow man than of his actions, beliefs or creeds.

In no better way can this broad, christian charity be made clear than by giving his own thoughts, expressed in the following poems:



**“Judge Not”—“Do Good.”**

---

Dedicated to Mrs. E. L. Baker.

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**A LAY SERMON.**

Permit me to tell you a secret, my friends—  
A secret the world ought to know;  
The high road to happiness far less depends  
On what we receive, than what we bestow.

Though virtues called homely may seem commonplace,  
And by men of the world be despised;  
But they're far more important than figure or face,  
In one's heart they are much to be prized.

It is not enough to *be* good on this earth—  
The essence of Christ is to show it in deeds—  
'Tis those who *do* good who are God's men of worth,  
And we need not discuss the question of creeds.

The small things of life are things that are great—  
A spirit fraternal is better than gold;  
And kindnesses shown to the victims of fate  
Though they cost very little, have a value untold.

A temper that's scornful, a manner that's rude,  
Towards those who have erred, is the hypocrite's curse.  
O'er the evils of life, to sit still and to brood,  
So far from improving only makes the world worse.

The Master encouraged, He did not condemn  
The penitent sinners He found here on earth:  
And for *any* to pose, as God's "*creme de la creme*,"  
Is working religion "for all it is worth."

Whose heart is in touch with the poor of mankind,  
Is the man whom mankind loves the best;  
Who striveth to make others happy will find,  
'Tis himself that is really blest.

As along the same road, we are moving in herds,  
And hoping to reach the same goal,  
How easy it is to give comforting words  
To some over-tasked, desolate soul.

Comforting words to *all* who are weary,  
Or a hand stretched in kindness to those who are down;  
Or some tender service to lives that are dreary;  
Ah, these are the triumphs that merit the Crown.

For no man loves God, as God should be loved,  
Whose soul goes not out toward God's creatures;  
Kind words and kind deeds to repentance have moved  
More grief-stricken sinners, than the dogmas of preachers.

Then strive, in your places, to do what you may,  
To lighten the burdens of the weak and distressed;  
With hearts full of pity direct them the way  
That leads to new life, and a home with the blest.

(Signed.)      E. L. BAKER.

*United States Consulate, Buenos Ayres, Jan. 1, 1896.*

**Saint or Sinner?**

AN ODE.

---

(TO MY WIFE.)

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These wayward verses, rudely strung,  
The fancies of an idle hour,  
Perchance had better been unsung  
As lacking in poetic power;  
But, if in thee they find a friend  
To overlook their feeble strain,  
And shall a moment's pleasure lend,  
They will not have been writ in vain.

—E. L. B.

### Saint or Sinner?

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Holy Friar, tell this mortal,  
Standing anxious at life's portal,  
Tell, I pray thee, tell this maiden,  
With all tender fancies laden,  
What of *human love* thou knowest,  
Whence it comes, and whither goest?

The aged Friar bowed his head  
And crossed himself; then sadly said:

“Like a cloud in summer sky,  
Scattered by a zephyr's sigh;  
Like the fabric of a dream,  
Forgotten with the morning's beam;  
Like a bubble on a river,  
One moment seen, then gone forever;  
Like a dewdrop on a flower,  
Born, exhaled within a hour;  
Like a meteor's flash of light,  
Expiring in an endless night;  
Ah, such is human love on earth,  
Dead with the breath that gives it birth.”

Oh, holy Friar, kind and meek,  
Once more thy love I crave and seek;  
Tell, I pray thee, tell this mortal  
Standing anxious at life's portal;  
Tell, I pray thee, tell this maiden,  
With all tender fancies laden,  
What of *love divine* thou knowest,  
Whence it comes and whither goest?

The aged Friar, with eyes aloft,  
Replied in accents sweet and soft:  
    "Like the law of gravitation,  
    Pervading all the vast creation;  
    Like the music of the spheres,  
    Sounding down the eternal years;  
    Like the swelling tides of ocean,  
    With their never-ending motion;  
    Like the fixed light of a star,  
    Serene and constant in its depths afar;  
    Like Truth triumphant on her throne,  
    Claiming all kindreds for her own;  
Ah, such is love beyond the skies,  
A scent serene that never dies."

The maiden heard, and her beautiful face,  
Was aglow with the light of celestial grace;  
The while, in rapture, her glorified eyes  
Saw Heavenly visions beyond the skies.  
For the world and its sin, she breathed one sigh,  
Then thus to herself she made reply:

    "If Faith is false within this sphere,  
        And constancy dwells alone on high;  
    Better, by far, forego love here,  
        To taste it there eternally."

And in spite of the anguish, in spite of the smart—  
She tore from out of her bleeding heart—  
With a sigh from the depths of her dark despair,  
The earthly image she had cherished there.  
And she passed from the world through the convent gate,  
    Her radiant face growing sweeter and sweeter;

There, in her maiden beauty, to wait  
Till the Heavenly bridegroom comes to meet her.  
There, in retreat from this earth of cares,  
No thought for the day, no thought for the morrow,  
She told her beads and prayed her prayers,  
And, dead to the world and safe from its snares,  
She lived a life of holy sorrow.

Then up rose one of tender heart,  
Who of earth's wrongs had borne his part:  
Who knew that mortals may be deceived  
By vows of love they had believed:  
Who had not always sin withstood,  
But hated sin and craved the good;  
Who "loved the world" for Christ's dear sake;  
And thus to the hearts of men he spake:  
"Ah, who may say she did not well,  
Thus, far from the false and wicked to dwell;  
And lead a life of cloistered ease,  
In daily penance on her knees:  
But, ah, for sin the chastening rod  
Is fervent work in the vineyard of God;  
And in spite of the words the priest hath said,  
To the anxious, innocent, doubting maid;  
In spite of the holy life she led  
In her cell of stone and her virgin bed,  
I doubt, if she had not better fulfilled  
The mission which God to his creatures hath willed.  
Had she used the talent, to her He had given,  
And earned for herself the rapture of Heaven.  
Had she bravely fought the battle of life,  
And done her duty, as mother and wife;

Had her heart gone out to better this earth;  
Had she toiled and loved, midst the innocent mirth  
Of a brood of dear children, though anguish and tears  
May have whitened her hair, and saddened her years.

The martyrs and saints  
And heroes are those,  
Who war here below  
With God's fierce foes.  
Who do with a will  
What they find here to do,  
And work for the good,  
And work for the true.

Who strive, as they may, in their time and place,  
To quicken this earth with Heavenly grace;  
And expend their might to hallow its Love.  
With the Faith which lives and dwells above.”  
Then a still, small voice from a passing cloud,  
To our hearts responded “Amen,” aloud.

#### L'ENVOY.

With thine armor clean and bright,  
Seek no cloistered cell;  
On the *outer* ramparts fight  
The allied hosts of Hell.

(Signed.)      E. L. BAKER.

*United States Consulate, Buenos Ayres, February 28, 1897.*



Mr. Baker was always youthful in his thoughts and feelings, and his heart was full of tenderness and love for little children. He idolized his grand-children and was most demonstrative in his deep affection for them. No more touching evidence of this devotion could be shown than by reproducing two little poems dedicated to Philip, his first grand-child, upon his departure from Buenos Ayres and arrival in the United States. They are as follows:



**La Despedida.**

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TO PHILIP.

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## I.

My gallant ship,—betide what fate,—  
Has sailed to-day with precious freight ;  
Far down the bay, with wind abeam,  
I see her white sails fill and gleam ;  
And I shall see them when I sleep,  
Like phantoms gliding o'er the deep ;  
And I shall see them when I wake,  
Through all the weary leagues they make !  
    Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
    Guard well what I have given to thee !

## II.

Or in the day or in the night,  
That ship is ever in my sight ;  
Each course she takes,—each wind that blows,—  
Each wave that breaks and overflows,—  
Or sail she slow, or sail in haste,  
I watch her through the trackless waste :  
In calm, or storm, or gentle breeze,  
I joy or fear with each of these !  
    Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
    I pray that thou keep faith with me !

## III.

With grief I never can forget,  
And breaking heart and eyes all wet,—  
And desolated home, I see  
My heart's dear treasures pass from me ;—  
And I shall mourn, as one distraught,—  
So great the sorrow love has wrought,—  
Till I shall know—all dangers o'er,—  
My ship has reached her destined shore !

    Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
    Bring back a good report to me !

EDWARD L. BAKER.

*Buenos Ayres, Feb. 15, 1894.*

**La Bienvenida.**

TO PHILIP.

**I.**

A magic word at lightning speed  
 Has come to me with news indeed !  
 My ship that erstwhile sailed so far,  
 Has made her port,—has crossed the bar !  
 Her flags aloft are flying now :  
 The blue waves dance along her prow.  
 With landward breeze and sails at play,  
 She moves in triumph up the bay !

Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
 Glad tidings these I have from thee !

**II.**

I saw that ship from me depart  
 With boding fear and breaking heart :  
 I watched her course with such a grief,  
 That Hope could offer no relief !  
 To-day,—thank God,—her perils o'er,—  
 I hail her from this distant shore,  
 With greetings of my inmost soul  
 And joy my eyes cannot control !

Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
 Thou hast *indeed* been true to me !

**III.**

Oh weary prisoners, long confined,  
 Midst revels of the wave and wind !—  
 Of storm and wreck all fears have passed,  
 The prayed for land is *yours* at last !  
*I hail you all* with untold love,  
 And peace that cometh from above !  
 Oh dear good ship, oh dear good crew,  
 In gratitude I pledge to you !

Oh treacherous ocean, faithless sea,  
 Most fervent thanks thou hast from me !

EDWARD L. BAKER.

Buenos Ayres, April 11, 1894.

Mr. Baker's literary tastes prompted him to join the English Literary Society in Buenos Ayres soon after his arrival in that city. He was a most valuable member of this organization and served for several terms as its President. He often participated in its debates, and on a number of occasions delivered lectures on a variety of subjects.

Mr. Baker's useful and honorable career was suddenly and cruelly cut short by an accident which occurred to him Sunday, June 20, 1897. On this date he went to visit friends in Belgrano, a suburb about eight miles north of Buenos Ayres. After dining with them, he left their residence for the railway station with the intention of returning to the city by the train scheduled for 8:40 p. m. His hosts, not being sure that he would be in time for that train, accompanied him on his way to the station, with the intention of having him return home with them and there await a later train if he was not in time. When within two squares of the station, seeing the train approaching, Mr. Baker left his friends and hurried on ahead to make the train if possible, and soon disappeared from their view. They saw the train pull out but proceeded to the station to assure themselves that he

had been in time. Calling to him and receiving no response, they supposed he was safely on his way to Buenos Ayres and returned to their home. The rest of the sad story is thus related by the *Buenos Ayres Standard* of June 22:

"About 9:10 p. m., one of the Belgrano station employes of the railway had his attention attracted by calls and groans that seemed to come from down the line just beyond the foot bridge towards Buenos Aires, and proceeding in that direction he found Consul Baker lying nearly at the end of the platform about sixty or seventy feet from the bridge, with his body on the platform and his legs on the line. Other employes and the police were immediately summoned, and as it was apparent that the Consul was badly injured he was at once removed to the new Pirovano Hospital and arrived there within fifteen or twenty minutes from the time he was found. When first discovered Consul Baker was in a very dazed condition and remained so for some time, and was not able to give the railway employes his full name or give the location of his residence, but soon after he reached the hospital he came to himself sufficiently to tell who he was and where he lived.

"An examination showed that his right arm was broken near the shoulder and badly bruised and wrenched, and that there were some contusions on his body. On being requested to undergo an operation, Mr. Baker refused and requested to be taken to his residence, No. 574 Calle Maipu. As all efforts to prevail on him to submit to an operation were unavailing, arrangements were made to send him to Buenos Aires, and Dr. Mulcahy and the people at Mr. Baker's house were notified by the police, by

telephone, to be prepared to receive him, and about midnight he found himself in his own comfortable room with Dr. Mulcahy and some assistants in attendance.

"Mr. W. I. Buchanan, the U. S. Minister, and Mr. Alexander McNally, were sent for soon after Mr. Baker's arrival and remained with him throughout the night, and early in the morning a telegram was sent to Rosario summoning Mr. Willis E. Baker, the Consul at Rosario and the only member of Mr. Baker's immediate family here at present, his wife and daughter being home on a visit, and his son, Mr. E. Lewis Baker, formerly vice-consul here, being now resident in the states.

"Dr. Mulcahy, after a careful examination, decided that Mr. Baker's right arm would have to be removed close to the shoulder, and advised him to go to the British Hospital, where he could have every care and attention after the operation, and about 8 o'clock yesterday morning the Consul was taken in an ambulance to the Hospital, where the necessary operation was performed early in the day."

The accident, as was subsequently learned from the patient himself, was caused by his attempt to board the train after it was in motion. He reached the station as the train was leaving and grasped at the hand-rail of one of the coaches. He missed his hold, however, and attempted to board the next coach as it passed. By this time the train had acquired considerable momentum, and the result was that Mr. Baker was thrown and dragged for a distance of some thirty-five feet in the narrow space between the car

steps and the station platform. His hold was finally released by a slight depression at the side of the track, but not until his right arm had been broken to pieces.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Willis E. Baker, in answer to the telegram announcing the terrible calamity, Minister Buchanan sent a brief cablegram relating the occurrence to the State Department, which was, by direction of the Secretary of State, repeated to Mrs. Baker in Chicago. This message stated that all possible relief was being given the patient.

For thirteen days Mr. Baker lay in the British Hospital apparently convalescing. He suffered no severe shock from the amputation, and it was thought he had a fair chance for recovery. He was reported as cheerful and hopeful throughout and made light of his terrible affliction, saying that the loss of his right arm would be no serious matter as he could use his left arm with equal facility.

On the night of Saturday, July 3, a change for the worse occurred. His stomach suddenly became weak and fever set in. From this time on he gradually sank, and at noon, Thursday, July 8, 1897, his spirit passed away.

His death was all the more sad in that he had for some time been anticipating an early return to his native land, there to join the members of his family who had preceded him. He had been given to understand that he would soon be transferred to some consulate nearer home, but failing that, it had been his intention to resign. He missed his wife and absent children greatly, and was often very lonesome and home-sick with a passionate yearning to join them, but, owing to the exigencies of his consular duties since their departure from Buenos Ayres, he had been unable to leave his post. Shortly before the date of his accident, however, he had been granted a leave of absence with permission to return to the United States, and he had made arrangements to avail himself of it at an early day. He had planned an extended visit with his family and with a number of relatives and friends in his dearly loved native land; but, alas! a mysterious and inscrutable providence ordained otherwise, and it was not his privilege to revisit the scenes of his youth and early manhood.

.. The popularity of Mr. Baker and the high regard in which he was held by the public are proved by the universal sympathy expressed during his treatment in the British Hospital and by the grief felt on all sides when the news of his death was learned. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* of July 9, speaking editorially, said:

"The death of Consul Baker, at noon yesterday, in the British Hospital, plunges the foreign community in mourning and removes another landmark from our midst. Few men in the Plate ever enjoyed a more cosmopolitan representation, a greater popularity than the genial gentleman who succumbed yesterday to the terrible wounds inflicted in a railway accident. His good humor, his sociality, his depth of good nature, were his inseparable companions through life, and spread sunshine wherever he went. Such was his popularity, that we may say with safety that he had no enemies; that he not only enjoyed the esteem and affection of his countrymen, but all nationalities, Englishmen in particular. He had in him the magnetism that commands sympathy, and with exceptional talents to fill his official position, he combined all the qualities that tend to make a favorite in all social circles. We have lost a good, true-hearted, broad-minded, and in many respects an exceptionally endowed friend. As we mourn over the fatality that cut him off from our midst, we place a wreath of immortelles over his grave, and tender his sorrowing relatives our sincere condolence in their terrible bereavement.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mr. Baker had not been located in Buenos Ayres long before his adaptability for the position which he filled manifested itself, and the merchants of Buenos Ayres, the captains of vessels

trading with the states, and the department of state at Washington found him a consul standing far above the average in ability. For many years the reports of Mr. Baker have been accepted as authoritative on the matters treated in them, and many times the department of state has requested him to make special reports on various matters such as a consul would not generally be expected to deal with. This he did in such a satisfactory manner that he has received letters of thanks and congratulations from more than one Secretaay of State.

"Mr. Baker leaves a wife, Julia Edwards, two sons, Willis Edwards and Edward Lewis, and a daughter, Julia Elizabeth: all but Mr. Willis E. Baker, the Consul at Rosario, being in the states at present, where Mr. Baker had hoped soon to join them, but it was not to be, and last night the telegraph informed them that the spirit of a fond husband and loving indulgent father had passed to its eternal home."

*The Review of the River Plate*, published in Buenos Ayres, comments on Mr. Baker's death as follows:

"We offer to our readers to-day a memento of our old friend, the friend of every man who knew him, who has so recently been torn from our midst by the tragic accident which caused heartfelt grief throughout the British and American communities of Buenos Ayres.

"In publishing his portrait the REVIEW OF THE RIVER PLATE desires only to pay a small tribute of respect and esteem to the memory of the man who, without being what is commonly known as popular, for Consul Baker was too modest to court popularity, won the affection of everyone with whom he came in

contact, by his bright, genial personality, his utter unselfishness, and the loving kindness which he was ever ready to extend to his fellow men.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So modest was he that few knew of the experience and talent, as lawyer and journalist, that lay behind his abilities as consul: fewer still were aware of the fact that he often wrote verses full of the tenderness and sympathy that animated his being.

“As we write, there lies before us a manuscript containing a small collection of his poems, from which we are tempted to make many an excerpt, but we will respect the modesty that our dear old friend so closely cultivated in his life, and only quote a verse or two of a poem entitled “Do Good,—Judge not” which indicate, more than any words of ours, the true nature of the man:

[Here follows an extract from a poem previously quoted in full in this memorial.]

“We might perhaps have chosen from the collection before us, verses of a more ambitious character, for there are many, but none which indicate more truly the sentiments he held and carried into practice during his life.

“We have lost a friend, in the truest sense of the term, and so long as memory lasts, one of its greenest spots will be filled by Consul Baker.”

As an additional evidence of public regard, it may not be amiss to mention, in advance of its receipt, that Mrs. Baker has been notified by cable that the

friends of her husband in the Argentine Republic are having prepared for his monument an elaborate memorial tablet in bronze, attesting their appreciation of his services as consul. This tablet, with dimensions of forty by thirty inches, is described as a work of art, presenting in *bas relief* a bust of the deceased and the coats of arms of the United States and the Argentine Republic, with suitable inscription. A tablet of a similar nature has also been placed in the American (M. E.) Church in Buenos Ayres, where a special service to his memory, consisting of vocal and instrumental music and appropriate addresses, both in English and in Spanish, was held Saturday evening, September 11, 1897.

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The *Standard* of July 10 gives the following account of the funeral services in Buenos Ayres, which were extremely impressive:

"The friends of the late Mr. Edward L. Baker mustered in strong numbers yesterday to pay the last tribute to one whose memory will long be cherished by all who knew him. It was not an appropriate day for a funeral, for on the occasion of the national anniversary—the glorious 9th—the houses decked out with flags of all nations, presented a gay aspect,

and the streets were filled with the sounds of public rejoicing—another of those powerful contrasts which Fate, like a skilled painter, employs for the production of effects.

“While the city rejoiced in the celebration of an historical event, a community wept over the tomb of one who, during life, seemed to be the incarnation of cheerfulness. In the very ambient of the city, the sigh that thousands breathed for the lost friend must have wandered like a stray echo. The laughing crowd that thronged the streets was hushed at the approach of the magnificent hearse. All gazed with wondering sadness at the imposing procession, and all guessed by the presence of United States sailors, and the numbers of the mourners that an important and loved member of the North American community had been cut down by the Grim Mower.

“The American church in Calle Corrientes was too small to accommodate the crowd of friends who assembled to assist at the funeral service. A considerable number of ladies occupied the interior, and the throngs spread from the portals to the sidewalk, where a battalion of seventy blue jackets from the U. S. S. “Castine,” under the command of Lieutenant Bronaugh, divided into two companies, the first commanded by Lieutenant Strauss, and the second by Ensign Robertson, were drawn up. The coffin, half concealed under the American flag, was placed at the foot of the altar. On either side were numbers of beautiful wreaths. The appearance of the church was simple and solemn. There was sadness on every face, and the sacred building was filled with an atmosphere of sorrow. The service opened with the hymn, Rock of Ages, announced by the Rev. McLaughlin, and was conducted in the following order :

- 1.—Hymn, Rock of Ages.
- 2.—Scripture and Prayer, Dr. Drees.
- 3.—Hymn, Bright Light is Here.
- 4.—Address by Dr. Thomson.
- 5.—“My Country 'Tis of Thee.”

“On the conclusion of the service which was very impressive, the coffin was carried out by Minister Buchanan, Vice Consul Chute, Commander Berry of the U. S. S. “Castine,” Messrs. Zimmermann, Webster, McNally, Kimball and Beccar. Immediately following came Mr. Willis E. Baker, on whose face grief and long nights at the bedside of his lamented father had left deep marks. To him we tender our heart-felt condolence. The shock of the fatal ending of the accident to his father must have been all the greater to him, since up to within a day of his death there was great hope of the consul pulling through.

“A magnificent hearse, drawn by six coal black horses, conveyed the coffin to the Recoleta. Slowly and sadly the procession of carriages, headed by the Castine sailors, wound its way through the gay streets. On arrival at the cemetery, the coffin was borne into the vestibule, and here the Belgian Consul, Mr. Ostendorp, delivered an eloquent speech. The Rev. Pelham Ogle of the Church of England, conducted a service in the cemetery and was followed by Dr. McLaughlin of the American church, who uttered a short prayer. Mr. Beccar, a very warm friend of Mr. Baker, then made a short and feeling address, during which he nearly broke down through emotion, and the coffin was lowered into the vault of the Correa-Morales family.

“And thus the curtain drops on the earthly existence of him whom we all liked and whom we all called Consul Baker. This was a sad and unexpected ending; but if the conscious-

ness of being loved and esteemed, a feeling he must have fully experienced in the brief interval between the accident and its fatal denouement, in that flickering period of his life's flame, when he lay helpless, though cheerful, in the British hospital—if that consciousness be of any source of comfort to a dying man, then there could have been no bitterness 'in the longing, lingering look', one must cast behind him, as the poet said, resigning 'that pleasing, anxious being.' He has passed away, it is true: but his memory will long live amongst us.

"The funeral procession proceeded to the cemetery in the following order:

"Police Escort, battalion of seventy sailors from the U. S. S. Castine, commanded by Lieutenant W. V. Bronaugh.

"First company—Lieutenant J. Strauss.

"Second company—Ensign N. H. Robertson.

"Hearse—Guard of honor of ten picked sailors from the U. S. S. Castine.

"Carriages containing pall bearers, Mr. Willis E. Baker and Rev. Drs. Drees, McLaughlin and Thomson.

"Carriages containing the following persons:"

[Here follows a list of names, several hundred in number, comprising all the foreign consuls, the principal government and municipal officials, and a large number of private families of the American, Argentine, English, German and other communities.]

The address of Consul Albert Ostendorp, of Belgium, mentioned in the foregoing account of the funeral, was as follows:

"Gentlemen:—On behalf of the foreign consular body, accredited to the Argentine Government in Buenos Ayres, I beg

to bid a sad farewell to our dear colleague and esteemed friend, Mr. Edward L. Baker, for so many years Consul of the United States of America in this city, who died under circumstances certainly as painful as they were unexpected.

“His genial character, uniform kindness, ever obliging disposition, and conciliatory mode of fulfilling his consular duties, had won for him the highest regard of all here, and the best proof that he was likewise greatly appreciated at Washington is, that notwithstanding the numerous political changes in the government of the United States since he took office, about twenty-three years ago, he always remained Consul of the Great Republic in the Capital of Argentina.

“His indefatigable industry was well known to all, and the numerous reports he sent to the State Department on all subjects of public interest, have been most favorably commented upon and repeatedly quoted by the American and European press.

“The resignation and composure with which he faced his terrible accident, were admirable. A few hours after the painful amputation of his right arm at the shoulder, he said, almost cheerfully: ‘Well, I still have my left arm, and as I can write with that, I will continue to be useful to my country, and countrymen here.’

“These noble words show what a brave and manly character our lamented friend had. He was the first to comfort his son, who flew to his bed-side, and all the friends who were admitted to see him, and thus take the place, as far as possible, of the members of his family, at present in the States.

“For a few days, prospects of his recovery seemed bright, but alas! these favorable symptoms were deceitful, and gradually our beloved friend grew worse and worse, until death,

while relieving him of all earthly sufferings, doubtless extended to him that Heavenly reward, the heritage of the good and just.

"May his family and relatives find comfort in the unanimous expression of deep sympathy and sincere sentiments of condolence which the demise of Consul Baker has elicited from all classes in this great city.

"He has died far away from his wife, his son and daughter, in this foreign land, which, however, as he well knew, is so hospitable to strangers that, as was his case, it becomes a second home for those who land on its shores.

"Consul Baker! for the last time in this world, your afflicted colleagues bid you a final farewell, and may your soul rest in God's eternal peace!"

Upon receipt of Minister Buchanan's cable message, announcing Consul Baker's death, the Secretary of State communicated the sad intelligence to his widow, and after consulting her wishes, cabled the Minister directions to have the body embalmed and shipped to Springfield, Illinois, for interment there. These directions were promptly carried out, and the remains were shipped per steamer "Merida," of the Norton line, which left Buenos Ayres July 17, and arrived in New York August 21. The casket containing the body was there taken in charge by the United States Despatch Agent by order of the Secretary of State,

and transshipped to Springfield. In this connection, the Springfield *Monitor* of August 26 published the following:

"The remains of Hon. Edward L. Baker, late United States Consul at Buenos Ayres, arrived here yesterday morning and were taken in charge by T. C. Smith's Sons, the undertakers, who removed the heavy outside box in which the casket had been placed for shlpment. The casket was then taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Edwards, at the old Lincoln residence on South Eighth Street, where it will remain until it shall be taken thence to the church this morning at 10 o'clock. The casket in which the remains of the dead consul will be consigned to the grave is a magnificent one, and entirely different from those now in use in this country. It is of solid ebony, with a heavy metallic lining, and weighs about 900 pounds. The cover is elaborately hand carved, the design of a cross set upright in a pedestal of heaped stones above the name plate and a scroll beneath, being beautifully executed. The plate and heavy handles are gold plated. The shape is somewhat like that of the old-fashioned coffin, the sides being bounded by straight lines instead of curves. It is probably the most costly and elegant casket ever seen in Springfield.

"Owing to the long distance which the body had traveled and length of time consumed in the journey, it was not deemed advisable to expose the remains and the casket will not be opened. The ship Merida, in which the body was brought to New York, left Buenos Ayres on July 17 and arrived in New York last Saturday. A number of relatives and friends of the deceased have arrived in the city to attend the funeral, and last evening called at the residence of Mr.

Edwards to express their sympathy with the bereaved widow and children and recall memories of the earlier days before the family ties had been broken by the fate that separates households through the exigencies of duty and business."

The *Monitor* of the same date reported the action of the members of the press of Springfield as follows:

"A meeting of members of the press was held at the Leland hotel at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon to take action in regard to the death of Hon. E. L. Baker, United States Consul to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. Capt. T. W. S. Kidd was elected chairman, and T. Norwood Pratt secretary of the meeting.

"Hon. E. L. Merritt was called upon and made a few remarks, during which he stated that Mr. Baker was one of the organizers of the Illinois Press Association at Peoria in 1866.

"On motion of H. W. Clendenin, the chair was empowered to appoint a committee of three to prepare suitable expressions on the death of Mr. Baker. The chair appointed Messrs. E. L. Merritt, C. R. Paul and E. A. Snively as said committee, but Mr. Snively being unable to serve, on motion of Mr. Clendenin Capt. Kidd was named in his stead.

"A motion by Mr. Merritt to the effect that all members of the press attend the funeral in a body, and extending an invitation to all printers and members of the press not present to attend was adopted.

"It was decided to meet at the Leland hotel at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

"The committee, through its chairman, Mr. Merritt, made the following report, which was adopted:

"In placing the myrtle on the grave of our deceased brother, the press of the city of Springfield desire to bear witness to the integrity and manly worth of Edward L. Baker. As a husband and father he was fondly affectionate and generous; as a friend he was true, constant and self-sacrificing; as a citizen, loyal, progressive and public spirited. As an editor he was strong, capable and honest. Belonging to the pioneer journalists of Illinois, he wielded an influence the impress of which is now marked in the many strong newspapers of the state.

"Peace to his ashes.

"The secretary of this meeting is instructed to forward a copy of the above minutes to the family of the deceased."

Great sympathy was expressed for the bereaved family by the citizens of Springfield, and the comments on the virtues and characteristics of the deceased, both by the press and by private utterance, were most eulogistic, and showed the high esteem in which Mr. Baker was held by former fellow-citizens. The *Monitor* expressed the sentiments of its editor, Capt. T. W. S. Kidd, as follows:

#### HON. EDWARD L. BAKER.

"It has been nearly a quarter of a century since he who lies in his casket prepared for sepulture, at the old homestead of his friend, the immortal LINCOLN, left us to serve his na-

tion in a foreign land; since he who breathed his last among those who were, comparatively speaking, strangers to him, although warm-hearted and attesting their high appreciation of his worth and virtues, which had entwined themselves around them by social and business contact for years, and did all they could to smooth his pillow and comfort him as he approached the dark waters of the river of death, left the capital city of the great state of Illinois, known by nearly every man, woman and child. He left us full of hope, full of vigor, full of a commendable ambition to make his mark in the world: to place his name upon fame's scroll as one who had served his country well at the post of honor where his country had placed him. At the period of his departure no man's hand was greeted with a warmer grasp of friendship; no other face and form and smile more welcome any and everywhere in this city full of friends—for enemies he had none. The history of Illinois is luminous with the names of able editorial writers, and among the brightest, the strongest, the most pungent and forcible of all in the great galaxy of such the name of EDWARD L. BAKER, our former fellow citizen, editor of the *Journal* and later American Consul at Buenos Ayres, was the peer of any. This may seem, coming from the writer, the 'voice and utterance' of personal friendship, but it is the truth, and history will so record it. He was our political antipode, but, personally, was one of the most genial, companionable and elegant gentlemen we ever met with. Mr. BAKER may be said to have been a partisan. In the principles and purposes of his party and seeking—as we believe he did—all honorable means to place his party's measures and men in the front, he certainly was; but never factious, never proscriptive, and never unreasonable with an opponent. There were no shades of color in his editorial work, nor in his political senti-

ments, and at the same time he possessed in a remarkable degree a gentle tolerance for opposing opinions, usually free from bitterness, sparing of assault, clad in respectful terms, but so candid they commanded respect for his opinions even with the most ardent enemy. It is hard to realize the great changes which have taken place since Mr. BAKER left his native Illinois to dwell in a foreign land. His years spent there have been invaluable to this nation for be it said to his credit, the most valuable information has been given to his government by his inexhaustible reports concerning the resources of the wealth, advancement and future prospects of the Argentine Republic. In his labors and untiring zeal to unearth valuable statistics for the use of the government and his developed power to grasp its resources and make them intelligible to the department of state, he has been simply indefatigable and it has resulted in verifying the lines of immortal poesy:

‘Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than war.’

“We shall see our beloved former fellow-citizen no more with mortal eyes. He has breathed his last among strangers, exiled from the loves and cherished scenes of his early life. He has gone from the places and people who loved him on earth to the higher realms of immortality. He is lost to literature, lost to diplomacy, lost to home and friends; but his record as an official; his record as a devotee to literary pursuits; as husband, father and friend, will stand as a monument lasting as the memory of his private virtues, his public trusts, his high sense of honor, his unquestioned integrity. He has gone into the dark valley to verify the truthfulness of the poet’s inspiration:

'Our lives are rivers gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
    The silent grave.  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
    In one dark wave.'"

The funeral services were held from the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday, August 26, and are thus described by the *Monitor* of August 27:

"Beneath the native sod of his own loved Illinois, and fast by the city where much that was best in his life work had been accomplished, the mortal remains of Edward L. Baker were laid away yesterday morning. About the open grave wife and children, brothers, sisters, near relatives and friends of the olden time, whom his loving heart most tenderly cherished, stood with tear-dimmed eyes to pay the last loyal tribute of affection to that which, as the earthly tenement of a noble soul, had been to them most precious. The sylvan beauty of the spot selected as the last resting place of the beloved form, the tender influence of a common sorrow in the renewing of family ties and the reunion of a household long separated by the hand of chance or fate, made the scene an impressive one, and members of the family lingered long about the flower-strewn grave, as if loth to part from the resting place of the beloved one whose home coming had been so sadly different from what they had fondly hoped.

"The funeral of Hon. Edward L. Baker, late United States Consul at Buenos Ayres and formerly one of Springfield's most brilliant journalists and most valued citizens, was worthy of the man. Although it has been twenty-three years since Mr.

Baker left his native land and the city of his choice, and naturally a large number of those who were his intimates and co-workers have passed away or have removed to other homes, the attendance at the funeral was very large and included many who had been his personal acquaintances. The press of the city and the veteran printers, including all of the resident ex-employés of the *State Journal* at the time he was its editor, attended in a body, and occupied prominent seats in the church. They also went to the cemetery and witnessed the interment. The members of the family and intimate friends left the residence of A. S. Edwards, the old Lincoln Home, in carriages a little before 10 o'clock for the First Presbyterian Church where the services were conducted by the Rev. Frederick H. Wines, D. D., long an intimate friend of the family.

"The massive ebony casket borne by the undertaker's assistants was attended by the following pall bearers, who were relatives or intimate friends of the deceased: Judge David J. Baker, of Chicago, late of the Illinois Supreme Court, and Col. John P. Baker, U. S. A., of St. Louis, brothers; William B. Gilbert and M. F. Gilbert, of Cairo, nephews; Albert S. Edwards, of Springfield, and Charles Edwards, of Chicago, and Col. L. S. Metcalfe, of St. Louis, brothers-in-law and Gen. Thomas O. Osborn, of Chicago, formerly Minister to the Argentine Republic and a dear friend. The quartette of singers, Miss Jessie Reed, Miss Lou Hibbs, Mr. Joseph Hudson and Prof. J. B. Barnaby, sang the hymns in a very touching manner, the selections being peculiarly appropriate. The opening hymn was a favorite of the deceased and was sung by special request: 'Come Ye Disconsolate.' At other times during the service the quartette sang a beautiful chant, 'Abide With Me,' and the ever consoling 'Lead Kindly Light.' Mrs. T. C.

Henkle lead the choir in the last named hymn and sang a closing solo, 'The Tear,' by Stagelli, a selection rich in tenderness and consolation and beautifully rendered. Mrs. Henkle and Mrs. Alice Knap, who played the organ accompaniments, had been specially requested by the family to assist in the music as former neighbors and valued friends.

"After the usual prayer and appropriate reading from the Scripture Dr. Wines delivered the funeral address, which was a masterly effort and in many respects out of the stereotyped order. Opening his address Dr. Wines quoted from 'In Memoriam':

"'Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,  
Sailest the placid ocean-plains,  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

"'So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

"'So sang Tennyson, when the friend of his youth died in a foreign land. How many hearts have echoed this cry. The weary weeks are past, and in answer to our prayer no rude air perplexed the vessel's sliding keel, the gentle heavens slept before the prow, while that noble breast heaved but with the heaving deep, and here in this ebony casket carved by alien hands, lie the precious reliques brought by the sacred bark.

“ ‘Tis little: but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest,  
And in the places of his youth.

“ ‘Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.’ ”

“ This friend of our youth was born at Kaskaskia in the year 1829, when Illinois gave as yet but slight promise of its future greatness. His father was a lawyer and a judge, a man of distinction in his day, who for a time occupied a seat in the United States Senate. Young Baker was given every advantage within his father's power. He was sent to Shurtleff college to receive the rudiments of a liberal, classical and Christian education, where he was graduated in 1847. After two years spent in his father's office, where he was initiated into the mysteries of the law, he entered the law school of Harvard college, at Cambridge, and, first having completed his course there, was admitted to practice in the courts of this state. His literary tastes, however, diverted him from the career marked out for him, and he turned his attention to journalism, at first as the editor of the Alton *Telegraph*, and later as editor of the *Illinois State Journal*, published at Springfield. His residence in the capital city brought him in contact with all the leading men of Illinois. He married a granddaughter of Gov. Edwards, and a daughter of the Hon. Ninian W. Edwards, one of Illinois' best known citizens, and who was also a niece of the wife of Abraham Lincoln. Those were the days preceding and during the civil war, when a man who had anything to say was sure to be heard, and the rural press

occupied a position and wielded an influence which it has in part lost, since the telegraph and the railway have made the metropolitan daily newspapers the overshadowing exponents of public opinion and sentiment.

“The value of his services to the cause of freedom and the Union was recognized in the first instance by his appointment, at the close of the war, to the office of assessor of internal revenue for the Springfield district, and later by the gift of the United States Consulate at Buenos Ayres. The latter appointment was made by President Grant in December, 1873, and from that day to this he has not set foot upon his native soil. At the time of his death, on the 8th of July, 1897, he was the oldest consul in respect of continuous service representing the government in a foreign land. It was an honorable testimony to his ability and fidelity as a diplomat that although an ardent republican, he was retained in the position which he held, by President Cleveland, during both his terms of office; and if he had lived, he had reason to think that the present administration would have suitably recognized him, either by transfer to a post of greater diplomatic importance or by making him Consul-General to the Argentine Republic.

“Such, in outline, was the record of his private and public life. I choose rather to speak of his qualities as I knew him, and as he was known to his friends. Three traits, I should say, were prominent in his character: His literary taste and culture, his social and domestic affections, and his fidelity in the discharge of every duty. He was fond of reading and had an excellent library. He had also very considerable power of expression, both in prose and in verse. He conversed fluently in at least two languages besides his own, Spanish and French. A man who knows three languages well has a mind which is

no longer narrow it its sympathies, uninformed, or apt to take a prejudiced view of life. But it was his heart which endeared him to those whose good fortune it was to enjoy the honor of his personal acquaintance.

“A kinder, more tender and loving nature has rarely been bestowed upon any man at his birth. The spirit of Christian charity breathed through all his words and acts. His judgments were charitable, and his comments upon men were even more kindly than his knowledge of the world tended to make them. Where he could not approve of their actions he maintained a loving silence regarding them. He was not deficient in courage or spirit, but he was eminently patient and forgiving. He was generous and hospitable, a capital companion and host, and the idol of his family, who could see no fault in him. in a word, he combined with a high and strong manhood some of the best qualities of the opposite sex. The consequence was that he conducted a newspaper which was absolutely free from prurience or scandal, while it was not deficient in vigor; and as consul among a people at the opposite extreme of civilization from our own he won more than their respect, for he possessed their affection. Through financial reverses, panic and revolution, he never lowered the American flag, literally nor figuratively. A true and loyal American, he loved the people among whom his lot was cast, and the outpouring at his funeral in that remote quarter of the globe shows how well his love was returned into his own bosom.

“Mr. Baker was, as I have intimated, of excellent stock and parentage. He respected himself for what his relatives were as well as what he knew himself to be. All of his brothers attained distinction in some line of life, military or judicial. The consciousness of solidarity in the family relations and of one's obligation to maintain the family honor unsullied is one of the strongest possible safeguards against wrongdoing.

“Perhaps instead of trying to describe him, for it is not easy to express any man's character in words, it would be better to let him speak for himself. He was devoted to his little grandchildren, and when circumstances made it necessary for him to endure separation from them for a time his feelings found vent in two unpretentious but pleasing little poems, which have been privately printed, and which are dedicated “To Philip.” One of them is entitled “La Despedida” and the other “La Bienvenida.” In the first he wishes the departing dear ones a prosperous voyage and a safe landing. The closing stanza reads .

“With grief I never can forget,  
And breaking heart and eyes all wet,  
And desolated home I see  
My heart's dear treasures pass from me ;  
And I shall mourn as one distraught,  
So great the sorrow love has wrought,  
'Till I shall know—all dangers o'er—  
My ship has reached her destined shore.  
    Oh, treacherous Ocean, faithless Sea,  
    Bring back a good report to me.”

“In the second, having received a cable dispatch announcing the safe arrival of the vessel in port, he breaks out :

“A magic word at lightning speed  
Has come to me with news indeed.  
My ship that erstwhile sailed so far  
Has made her port, has crossed the bar.  
Her flags afloat are flying now ;  
The blue waves dance along her prow.  
With landward breeze and sails at play  
She moves in triumph up the bay.  
    Oh, treacherous Ocean, faithless Sea,  
    Glad tidings these I have from thee.”

“ ‘La Bienvenida closes :

“Oh, weary prisoners, long confined,  
Midst revels of the wave and wind,  
Of storm and wreck all fears have passed,  
The prayed for land is yours at last.  
I hail you all with untold love,  
And peace that cometh from above.  
Oh, dear good ship, oh, dear good crew,  
In gratitude I pledge to you.  
Oh, treacherous Ocean, faithless Sea,  
Most fervent thanks thou hast from me.”

“ ‘The same ship which brought them was to have brought him, after three long years of anxious hope. It did bring him.

“So may whatever tempest mars  
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;  
And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the stars.”

“ ‘He seemed to have almost a presentiment that the reunion for which he so fervently longed would take place in some other world than this. Various incidents might be related to confirm this impression, but some simple lines written shortly before his sudden taking-off show the working of his mind. They were enclosed in a letter to his wife dated March 1, 1896, and the circumstances which suggested them is thus told by the writer: “While I was driving with Minister Buchanan last night, he asked me what my arrangements were about staying here. I told him I might go for you some time during the year, but that I was getting old, and it might be that if

I went home on leave, I might never come back again—that above all things I did not wish to die and be buried in this country. When I got back to my 'den,' I sat in my pyjamas thinking about the matter, and I scribbled a few verses on the subject which I enclose, not on account of any merit they possess, but because they are quite literally true." They are entitled by himself "A Wail."

"I have truantly strayed from the land of my birth,  
I have lingered for many a year;  
'Tis time to return to my loved ones on earth,  
Oh, I must not, I cannot die here.

"I wearily wait for the days yet to come,  
I am aged and heartsick and sere;  
With passionate longing I yearn to go home;  
Oh, I must not, I cannot die here.

"Though I faithfully cherish this far distant shore,  
With its people so fervent and dear,  
To my own native land oh, take me once more;  
Oh, I must not, I cannot die here.

"My sorrowing friends are waiting to greet me  
With a welcome most fond and sincere;  
At once I must go, or on earth they'll not meet me;  
Oh, I must not, I cannot die here."

"God grant that they may meet him in Heaven."

"A brief description of the fatal accident, the funeral services at Buenos Ayres and the homeward journey were given, and the speaker closed as follows:

"He will lie beneath the shadow of the monument which marks the last resting place of the martyr president, his close and true friend in life, whose guest he has often been, and from whose former residence this inanimate clay was this morning brought hither, and in the peaceful cemetery of Oak Ridge he will await the resurrection of the dead, in the hope of a blessed immortality through the merits and mediation of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the only hope of every dying sinner who puts his trust in Him.

"And now we commend his sorrowing widow and orphaned children to the love and mercy of God, who has revealed Himself to us as the Comforter, whose pity is over all His children, who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust, and whose compassions fail not. Human sympathy you have in this sad bereavement, and that without stint; but what you need is the presence and help of Him from whom we came and to whom we shall return, the Father of us all. May God be with you, to sustain and bless and save you."

"The procession to the cemetery was a long one and included many private carriages. The members of the press and the veteran printers were marshalled by Capt. T. W. S. Kidd, of the *Monitor*.

"The grave contained a brick vault, into which the casket was lowered and which was afterward covered with a stone slab sealed with cement. The grave was beautifully lined with green and the unsightly mound of earth removed from the grave was hidden under green boughs and leaves strewn over with rare flowers. The floral tokens left upon the grave by friends and relatives were unusually numerous and beautiful.

"Among those present at the funeral were: Judge David J. Baker, Charles Edwards and Gen. Thomas O. Osborn, of Chicago; Col. and Mrs. John P. Baker, Lincoln Baker, Misses Mabel and Florence Baker and Col. and Mrs. L. S. Metcalfe, of St. Louis; Mrs. Henry S. Baker and Mrs. Mary Wise, of Alton; William B. Gilbert and M. F. Gilbert, of Cairo. Of the members of the dead consul's immediate family were present Mrs. E. L. Baker, E. Lewis Baker with his wife and son, Philip, and Miss Julia Elizabeth Baker. One son, Willis E. Baker, resides at Rosario, Argentine Republic, and could not attend."

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The special service to the memory of Mr. Baker, of which mention has been made in a preceding portion of this sketch, occurred in the American (M. E.) Church in Buenos Ayres, the evening of September 11, 1897, and was announced in the newspapers in that city by the following advertisement:

"BAKER MEMORIAL SERVICE

To be held at the American Church, Corrientes, on Saturday, Sept. 11th, at 8:30 p. m.

PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Organ Recital, Mr. Wall.
- 2.—Address by the Chairman, Mr. Folmar.
- 3.—Eulogy (in English), Dr. Thomson.
- 4.—Song 'Calvary', Mr. M. S. Edye.
- 5.—Eulogy (in Spanish), Dr. Estanislao S. Zeballos.
- 6.—'Ave Maria', Gounod—Madame Dunant.
- 7.—Address, Hon. W. I. Buchanan.
- 8.—Song, 'Light in Darkness', Mr. Charles S. Crow.
- 9.—Chorus, 'America'.

An album, containing a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Baker, will be placed in the vestibule of the church, and in it may be recorded the signatures of all those desirous of identifying themselves with this expression of condolence."

The Buenos Ayres *Standard* of Sept. 12, published the following account of this service:

"The friends of the late Consul Baker present at the memorial service held last night in the Methodist Episcopal Church filled it beyond the extent of its seating capacity, a large number standing in the back of the church and the doorways throughout the evening.

"The church was draped in mourning and was tastefully decorated with United States and Argentine flags, evergreens, tropical plants and flowers being arranged at the back of the church; while over the pulpit was a large shield of the United States formed of white, pink and purple hyacinths, producing a striking effect and harmonizing beautifully with the other decorations. On the platform sat the Chairman of the Committee having the service in charge, Mr. E. H. Folmar, the Hon. W. I. Buchanan, U. S. Minister, Dr. Estanislao S. Zeballos, and the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

"At 8:45, Mr. Folmar rose and in a few introductory remarks stated that he regretted to announce that the plaque to be sent to the United States to be attached to the monument or stone marking the grave of the deceased consul was not completed so that it could be exhibited at the service as had originally been intended. He also announced that the plaque placed in the church had been furnished by certain friends not included in the number of those composing the committee, and that it was the

intention of the committee to erect a monument to Mr. Baker's memory in some public place in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Folmar closed his remarks, saying: 'To the late Edward L. Baker we dedicate this service,' and then introduced the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

"Dr. Thomson's wonderfully beautiful and exhaustive eulogy is perfectly above all praise; nor is it possible to give a fair synopsis of it, for to be properly rendered it should be reproduced word for word.

"After Dr. Thomson had concluded, Mr. M. S. Edye sang 'Calvary,' and was heartily applauded.

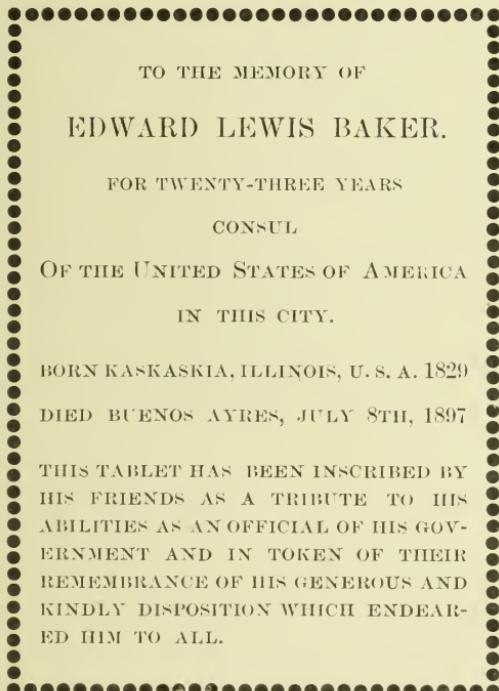
"Dr. Estanislao S. Zeballos, formerly Minister of Foreign Relations, ex-Minister of the Argentine Republic to the United States, and one of Argentina's most gifted sons, gave in Spanish an additional testimony to the worth of the deceased, proving the very deep gratitude that his fellow-countrymen felt for Consul Baker, whose splendid annual and special reports had done so much to make the Argentine Republic well known and respected throughout the world. (Applause).

"After the address of Dr. Zeballos, Gounod's Ave Maria was beautifully rendered by Madame Dunant, one of Buenos Ayres' most gifted vocalists.

"The chairman then introduced the last speaker of the evening, the Hon. W. I. Buchanan, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, who spoke beautifully and feelingly of his dear, departed friend. Mr. Buchanan showed the wonderful growth of the Argentine Republic by quoting from Consul Baker's first and last reports. He then dealt at length with the poetic side of the consul's nature, and concluded by reading several of his most pathetic poems, which showed the writer's decided talent and threw a side-light on his character.

"Mr. Charles S. Crow sang 'Light in Darkness', and the entire audience then joined in singing 'America' with hearty chorus effect in honor of our kith and kin beyond the sea. The whole service lasted two hours."

The inscription on the tablet placed in the American Church is as follows:



Thus closes the earthly career of a noble, unselfish and beautiful nature—a man beloved and esteemed beyond the common lot of man, and mourned now and always with a sorrow deep and tender.

“His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”





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## INDEX—PART II.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

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In memoriam: Edward Lewis Baker ...



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